THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
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GOD AT THE FOUNTAIN.

As torrents in summer
Half dried in their channels
Suddenly rise though the
Sky is still cloudless—
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains,
So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to overflowing;
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

—Longfellow.

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THE PACIFIC

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THE GREAT WHITE WAY.

The Prohibition Way is a Great White Way, stretching across the continent, from ocean to ocean, as one sees it now on maps in anti-saloon publications.

After the first of August this year, when the recently enacted law in Utah takes effect, the traveler can make his way from the Atlantic to the Pacific in saloonless territory. He can start from a point anywhere in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina or Georgia, and move westward across either Tennessee, Alabama or Mississippi, into Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, and thence on across Oregon or Washington to the waters of the Pacific. After leaving the Atlantic from either of the four states first named, the traveler can, if he wish, go down across Alabama or Mississippi to the waters of tne Gulf; and when he reaches Kansas he can go up across the great states of Nebraska, South Dakota and North Dakota to the Canadian border; and after January, 1920, westward across Montana to the Pacific.

When in his journey after August of the present year the traveler reaches Utah he can turn aside into Arizona, and on the borders of that state, more prosperous without the saloon than ever with it, look over into Mexico.

It is a wide way over which the traveler moves—never less than seeral hundred miles in width, at times as wide as the continent, for Idaho, Utah and Arizona reach from the Canadian line to that of Mexico.

It will require the winning of only Texas to have a wide strip from north to south across the center of the country similar to that of the western mountain range strip; and the entrance of Texas into the prohibition ranks cannot be delayed long.

It can be declared with great certainty that Wyoming and New Mexico will vote this year or next to enter the ranks; and then from the Missouri to the Pacific with the exception of California and perhaps Nevada, will stretch the Great White Way.

But let us not despair as to California and Nevada—for even before a national constitutional amendment shall add them to the white territory their reformation may be accomplished.

Although the legislature of Nevada voted down the initiated petition of the people calling for statuory prohibition, the people will vote on the issue in November, 1918.

What the 1917 legislature in California will do, it is not possible to predict at this date; but there are indications that the big scare the liquor forces have had will result in a measure which will begin to break the back of the monster which all well-informed persons now realize will break us if we do not break it. But whatever the law enacted this year in California it cannot stay the tide. This Great White Way is destined to cover the land as unbrokenly as the waters cover the sea.

Prohibition has made no retreat for many years. It moves steadily forward. And state after state is making its laws more drastic. It was far from the minds of most people that Oregon and Washington would be bone-dry in a little more than a year after their first enactments against the traffic went into effect. But to that we have arrived. The Oregon law prohibiting the importation of liquor except for medicinal or sacramental purposes went partly into effect on February 2, the day the governor signed it, and fully into effect five days later. And ninety days after the legislature of Washington adjourns a similar drastic law goes into effect in that state. And it is significant that the liquor forces of the states where the traffic still goes on have abandoned Washington to her fate, refusing financial aid for a referendum campaign against this new and drastic law. Shorn of their strength as they have been since the saloons were voted out in 1914 the liquor forces in Washington may well despair of doing anything by themselves alone in the ninety days limit.

THE DEAN OF DURHAM TO PREACH IN CITY TEMPLE, LONDON.

On the 13th of January an invitation was sent to Dean Henson, of Durham, to preach in the City Temple, London. In the invitation it was stated: "We are at present without a minister, and it is felt at this juncture, when relations between Anglicans and Nonconformists are more cordial than they have ever been, a visit from you would do good. We remember that on more than one occasion you have shown fraternal feeling for Nonconformists, and we shall greatly rejoice if you can see your way to accept this invitation. Your appearance in the City Temple would be a demonstration of Christian Unity, which would have a very beneficial effect, in particular, on the non-church-going public."

In his letter accepting the invitation Canon Henson said: "I am firmly convinced that the world never needed so urgently as in this critical time a clear and constant affirmation of those evangelical principles which are the common heritage of all the Reformed Churches. In the maintenance and extension throughout the world of Evangelical Christianity the Nonconformists and their disciples in other lands have in God's providence achieved great things. I hold it the plainest duty of the parent church of England to draw closer and make effective for service the spiritual links which unite the divided sections of English-speaking Christendom in an unexpressed but conscious unity.

"I believe that the only reunion of Christendom which would be sound, or could be permanent, must be built on those evangelical principles which were reaffirmed at the Reformation, that the method of spiritual advance is forwards from what has already been gained, not backwards to what was once and is no more. Therefore I would gladly labor for the closer association of in work and worship of Anglicans and Nonconformists."

"The intrinsic importance of the proposition you have made to me, its unhappily exceptional character, and the deep sense I have of the solemn significance of this time, lead me (at very great inconvenience to myself) to accept

the invitation and to consent to preach in the City Temple on Sunday, March 25, at both services."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The man most quoted in England today is Abraham Lincoln. The poet most read is John G. Whittier.

The pressure of church duties and the state of his health led Dr. Cadman to resign as National Guard chaplain.

Dr. Hugh Black of Union Theological Seminary is to give the commencement day address at Oberlin College this year.

The Rev. Herbert A. Jump was installed at Manchester, New Hampshire, last week. President Fitch of Andover Seminary gave the sermon.

In the eight largest cities of this country only 16 per cent of the population is Protestant. The Catholic percentage is about 26. In San Francisco the per cent for Protestants is approximately three.

Baron Shibusawa resigned recently the presidency of a bank in Tokio, which position he had held for thirty years. He did not resign in order that he might live in leisure, but so as to have more time for public welfare work.

The pew in the Presbyterian church at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in which Abraham Lincoln worshiped on the 19th of November, 1863, still stands in the historic building, though the interior was considerably remodeled recently.

It will require only the change of 60,000 votes from the figures of the last election to put Missouri on the list of prohibition states. Of the 114 counties 85 are without saloons under local option. St Louis is the stumbling block. Kansas City voted dry at the last election.

The Broadway Tabernacle Tidings says of the Rev. Dr. Ide who entered recently on the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Redlands: "Dr. Ide did a fine piece of work in Mount Vernon. He is a man of rare courage and nobility of spirit, and his place in Mount Vernon life it will be difficult to fill."

For 25 years Butte, Montana, the biggest mining camp in the world, refused to accept the advances of the Young Men's Christian Association; it held that it was a town of able drinkers and strong words with no use for an institution which might tend to interfere with its pastimes. But, recently $202,000 were pledged for an Association building and a secretaryship.

Twenty of the 83 persons who united with Broadway Tabernacle, New York, in 1916 came from the Presbyterian church; 11 from the Methodist; 38 from other Congregational churches. Other denominations represented were: Episcopal, Lutheran, Baptist, and Reformed. Twenty-two states were represented; also France, Canada, Mexico and Hawaii. California furnished five.

An enthusiastic Oregonian writes in an eastern paper that Prohibition and Progress are written in such large letters on the western slope of the Rockies that he verily believes he could read the words and what they imply a thousand miles away if he stood on Mt. Hood. And he says to the East: "Talk of the 'Winning of the West' no more. The West is won. Our task now is 'The Winning of the East.'"

The Christian Commonwealth, a London publication, closes an article in appreciation of the work at Westminster Chapel of G. Campbell Morgan as follows: "We are very far from sharing Dr. Morgan's views of the infallibility and inspiration of the Bible, which he carried to such lengths as almost to suggest at times that the very order in which the various books appear in the cannon both of the Old and New Testaments was a special device of God."

San Jose has a Public Welfare Commission of seven persons, of which the Rev. E. A. King of the Congregational Church is a member, appointed by City Manager Reed to serve for three years. This commission will have supervision of the charitable agencies of the city. Manager Reed says: "I regard the passage of this ordinance and the appointment of this commission as one of the most important steps yet taken by the present administration. I feel that the commission is a well balanced and exceptionally representative body, and hope that its views are met with general concurrence on the part of our citizens, and that the charitable efforts of our people will go to better purpose than ever before."

Professor Buckham of the Pacific School of Religion is quoted by the Boston Transcript as writing: "The magnanimous letter of Rev. Charles F. Aked, declining the invitation to become pastor of the new interdenominational church in San Francisco, because it might injure the First Congregational Church, is regarded by his friends in California as evidence both of a fine Christian consideration and loyalty and also of farsighted wisdom. The movement under his leadership would probably have met with success, at least for a time, perhaps for a long time; but such an attempt would be likely to fail eventually. It is true that San Francisco is peculiarly favorable soil for such an enterprise. Protestantism, extremely weak in itself, has for years been growing weaker through the almost entire lack of denominational co-operation. Many people in that liberal city are tired and disgusted with denominationalism and are ready to hail a release from it. Yet the cause is not likely to win by the inauguration of a new popular interdenominational church, but rather by a drawing together of the existing churches into united aand strategic work together. The renewed activity of the San Francisco Federation of Churches is an indication of an awakening of the churches to the need of closer co-operation if Christianity is ever to gain a firm hold of the life of the city of the Golden Gate."

THE RAYMOND ROBINS' MEETINGS.

The Raymond Robins' series of meetings for Pacific Coast college and university students began last Friday in Pomona College at Claremont. This week he will be at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles.

From February 26th to March the first, he will be at the University of California in Berkeley. And on March 2 he will hold a conference for theological students.

Other dates and places are: March 2-5, Stanford University; March 7-9, University of Nevada; March 12-14, Willamette University; March 15-18, Oregon Agricultural College; March 20-21, Reed College; March 22-25, University of Washington; March 27-29, University of Idaho; March 30-Apr. 2, Washington State College.

Religious leaders hail the coming of Mr. Robins to this work among students on the Pacific Coast.

It is not true that love makes all things easy; it makes us choose what is difficut.—George Eliot.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS. COULD THEY LEARN ANYTHING FROM ONE ANOTHER?

Last Sunday evening the Rev. Albert W. Palmer gave the last of the series of popular addresses which The Pacific has been reporting for several weeks. This concluding address in the series was on: "Catholics and Protestants. Could They Learn Anything from One Another?" Mr. Palmer spoke in part as follows:

I am not here this evening to denounce the Catholic Church! When I was a little boy my best playmate was a Roman Catholic and I have never lost the interest and kind regard for his church which I acquired then. I have worshiped gratefully and sincerely in Catholic Churches both in America and Europe and I refuse to surrender my part in that great mediaeval Catholic Church which built the cathedrals of Europe and which is the common ancestor of both the Protestant and the Catholic Church of today. Saint Francis of Assisi and Thomas A'Kempis belong by inheritance to the Protestant just as much as to the Catholic.

Feeling thus, I am all the more concerned at the epidemics of anti-Catholic agitation which from time to time sweep across the country—concerned because they are so sincere and patriotic in their adherents and at the same time, so extreme and fanatical in some of their ideas and methods. And I have asked myself, as every thoughtful man has, why this violence of anti-Catholic feeling? Since Catholics and Protestants must live together in this country, and it is probably for each other's good that they do, how shall we learn to live together in peace and good will instead of suspicion and hostility? Is it possible that Catholics and Protestants have anything to learn from one anoher?

Two things, it seems to me, Catholics might learn from Protestants:

(1) The value of inter-denominational co-operation and comity. The various Protestant denominations have only recently learned this among themselves but it is rapidly growing and Methodists and Baptists and Episcopalians in the church federations of today meet as equals and friends, each recognizing the dignity and rightful place of the other. I believe that more than half of the anti-Catholic agitation will vanish into thin air when the Roman Catholic Church is willing to meet the Protestant denominations on this same ground of mutual honor and respect. Aloofness always breeds suspicion and resentment and the failure of the Catholic Church to allow or encourage its priests to enter into the heartiest and most complete fellowship with Protestant ministers is a constant source of suspicion. What Protestants object to most fundamentally in the Catholic Church is not its theology or the confessional or even its allegiance to the Pope—allowance could be made for all these, but the Protestant churches naturally resent the assumption of a religious monopoly which is implied in the failure of the Catholic Church in any practical way to meet them in genuine good fellowship. It is as if England refused to accept the result of the Revolutionary War and kept up the fiction that we were still rebellious colonists.

(2) The second thing which Catholics might well learn from Protestants, is the necessity of accepting the public school system heartily and unreservedly and then co-operating with all other churches to provide supplemental religious training. If the Catholic Church would do this, practically all anti-Catholic sentiment would evaporate, for that sentiment gains its power largely from the fear that the Catholic Church has sinister designs upon our public schools. That fear cannot be allayed until the Catholic Church frankly and gladly accepts the public schools and sets about providing supplemental religious training in friendly co-operation with all other religious bodies. If the Catholic Church would say the word, it would be the simplest thing in the world to secure an arrangement whereby public school children should be allowed to go regularly to their respective churches to receive instruction from their priests or ministers as the case might be, just as is being done in the Gary, Indiana, schools today.

On the other hand, Protestants could learn from Catholics four things:

(1) A respect for the organizing power and wisdom of the Catholic Church. Take a map of Oakland and mark on it the location of the Catholic Churches. They are all over a mile apart, but not much over a mile apart. Then locate the Protestant churches. They are gathered in groups, competing with one another wastefully and foolishly.

(2) Reverence and dignity in worship are virtues of the Catholic Church, which are too often lacking in our Protestant Churches. While the Catholic Church has limitations in its lack of congregational singing and in its use of an unknown language, it, nevertheless, secures a devotional spirit and an atmosphere of worship far greater than the average Protestant church. Our Protestant churches with their (too often) undignified architecture, gingerbread decorations, giggling choirs, cheap music and slangy preaching, have much to learn from the dignity and reverence of the Catholic Church.

(3) Along with this quality of worship goes democracy as an admirable quality in the Catholic Church. It is a curious contradiction that a church monarchical in organization is democratic in its worship. But Protestantism has much to learn of these Roman Catholic Churches where the rich and the poor meet together, where the floors are bare and the pews austere, and the only display of wealth and ornament is at the sacred focal point of the altar. The poor man does not fear he may have intruded into a rich man's club when he enters a Catholic Church.

(4) And finally we Protestants have to learn from the Catholic Church that sense of membership in church universal, of fellowship with all the ages and all the world which is the peculiar glory of the Catholic Church. We are too individualistic. We are loyal to "our" church and "our" minister but have too little sense of the communion of saints and of membership in the church universal. We shall gain this real catholicity of spirit not by making all other churches Congregational, but by insisting on an attitude of sympathy and fellowship with all other churches as part of a greater and invisible fellowship.

"TRANSFIGURING PRAYER."

Taking as text the words, "As he was praying the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment became white and dazzling," the Rev. Dr. W. T. McElveen preached Sunday morning in First Church, San Francisco, on "Transfiguring Prayer." Emphasis was laid on the fact that it was while Jesus prayed that this transformation occurred. The soul of Jesus was all aglow as he communed with the Heavenly Father. There was an inner spiritual illumination, and this inner glory leapt forth and made outer things radiant. It was the shining forth of a gracious soul through the bodily veil so that to the on-looking disciples the very clothes of their Master seemed changed and all-glorious. This illumination of Jesus in prayer, the transfiguration of countenance expressing the glory of his experience of God at such times of communion was, per-

haps, nothing unusual with him, but generally he went away alone when he prayed. This was the only time when he permitted even his disciples to be with him as he prayed. There is record of similar experiences on the part of others. Moses, after his forty days with God on Sinai, shone with a similar light, and it is written of Stephen that his face shone at one time as if it were the face of an angel.

True prayer, said Dr. McElveen, is always transforming: it gets at the very core of essential being and stirs it profoundly. And to the question, "Can anything like this experience of Jesus be ours?" his answer was: "Jesus taught that his experiences could be our experiences; that it was for us to possess and enjoy like qualities of life."

Paul's definition of the Christian to the early world was, it is "Christ in you." And the glad message is that we are to go on from glory to glory, from attainment to yet higher attainment. Stead, the great English journalist, who went down with the Titanic, remarked in his last days, that a new revelation had come to him, that it was that God intended every man to be another Christ. That links up with Paul's idea which was that Jesus was a revelation of what God intended us to be.

Dr. McElveen went on then to say that men would not probably develop on this plane of existence other physical senses, but that with different mental eyes and moral ears we were destined to view things and hear things—the development is to be a spiritual one; whatever the physical changes might be, all would be to spiritual ends.

Turning again to the matter of prayer, it was remarked that it was not only a noble exercise, that it was an ennobling one. True prayer is "divinizing," he said, coining his own word; it is cleansing, augmenting, enriching, enlarging; it puts us forward on the scale of being.

Not formal prayer, however. That is useless. But every sincere desire to relate oneself to the Infinite One availeth something. There is an instinct to pray. In dire need men pray who never prayed before. For example, on the great steamship, the Spree, some years ago in imminent danger of going down in mid-Atlantic. It was said that there is such a thing as subconscious prayer, and the question was, To whom do we express our ejaculations or exclamations of pleasure, of joy, of delight, and gratitude, if not to the Great Father of us all?

The closing part of the sermon was given to a consideration of what were called the different stations on the mountain of prayer—such as petition, thanksgiving, adoration; and finally at the summit and crowning all—the station of Transfiguration. This, for the disciple as well as for his Lord and Master.

"THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH" AT SAN JOSE.

Beginning the first of this year, Rev. E. A. King, minister of the church, began a series of Sunday evening lectures on the "Gospel of Health." This grew out of interest awakened in a previous series on the "Drama of Job." The topics at the prayer-meetings for some months previous had occasionally dealt with Religion and Health. The community itself is unusually interested in such topics because of the existence of several organizations that emphasize the curing of disease in one form or another. There were some people who had previously left the church in order to join these health and religion movements. It was not surprising, therefore, that there should be an immediate response to the special efforts put forth by the Congregational Church.

The first series of lectures consisted of the following topics: "God Wants You to Be Well;" "Health is Catching;" "The Wonderful Law of Suggestion;" "How to Cure Yourself and How to Stay Cured;" (Auto Suggestion); "The Secret of an Overcoming Life." This last lecture was a sort of conclusion to the first series and the beginning of a new series for the month of February. The lectures were so well received that the Sunday evening congregation increased very rapidly in size. People from all over the city came to hear them. The second series for February was arranged in response to many requests from men and women both in and out of the Church to continue the series. The remaining subjects for February are: "The Ministry of Pain and the Language of Suffering;" "How God Cures Disease," and "Paths to Power and Success."

In beginning this series an introductory program was undertaken each evening, consisting of moving pictures, musical numbers, illustrated hymns and lantern slides. Gradually the people requested that most of these preliminaries be eliminated so that more time could be given to the lecture.

Mr. King has used William S. Sadler's "The Physiology of Faith and Fear," putting many of his charts and others into lantern slides. He has also put many mottoes and affirmations into lantern slides and shown them on the screen in connection with the lectures. He has found Dr. Worcester's "Religion and Medicine" exceedingly helpful and some very helpful contributions have been taken from Paulson's "Ethics." John Burroughs "The Breath of Life" has been found to be exceedingly valuable. He has read extensively along these lines and undertakes to present a broad, sane and uplifting message.

APOSTLES TO THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

The whole force of Christian students at the University of California is kindling with fervor and the great student body of more than six thousand young people is being stirred with a new born interest in Christianity. The interest as yet attaches only to a Christian personality, but that personality is so distinctly identified with the Christian movement that we may prophesy greater things. The hour for which we have prayed on behalf of our California students is at hand, when every student on the campus shall face the challenge of Jesus Christ.

Two of the most powerful Christian leaders of our time are coming to Berkeley as evangelists to the students—Raymond Robins, the central figure of the Men and Religion movement, who compelled the attention of multitudes of men by his stirring addresses around the world five years ago, and Dr. John Douglas Adam of Hartford Theological Seminary, one of the most profound and constructive Christian thinkers of our day.

We do well to call into this service men of such conviction, personal power and vision as these two, for nowhere on the face of this earth is the mass inertia toward religion more baffling than on the campus of our State University. It is not that the students do not care about religion—there are few souls who care more—but the college world is a world by itself, and its daily affairs are so hurrying and crowded and so seemingly important that rarely does one find time for so unusual a question as "the meaning of life," and still more rarely does a single speaker with a Christian message succeed in arresting for a day the attention of the whole student body. Yet if any one ever needed this challenge surely the student needs it, for the four years of undergraduate life are crucial years, and when he leaves the college he leaves it as a leader in the world.

Not many men could be found so perfectly qualified to

speak with Christian authority as these two. Together they represent the message of Jesus Christ in its completeness. They emphasize the two elements—Faith and Works. The gospel of Raymond Robins is a gospel of Christian service, and the message of Dr. Adam is an expression of the great verities of the Faith. Neither would be complete without the other, and both need emphasis with conviction.

Back of the utterance of Raymond Robins is an experience such as few men can duplicate. His life previous to the Men and Religion Movement should be familiar to everyone. He first met the world as an orphan boy in the South, living among the poorest of the poor; then as a young man he worked at hard labor for ten dollars a month, and afterward as a coal miner working twelve hours a day for a single dollar. He came west to the silver mines of Colorado, joined the miners' union and began to earn what seemed to him the fabulous sum of four dollars a day for eight hours labor. We see him next as a lawyer in San Francisco, lending himself to corrupt politics, and in the rush for gold in Alaska he is among the first of the miners to make his fortune. It is here in Alaska that he finds God, and the new Raymond Robins is born. Returning to the United States, he selects the 17th ward of Chicago as the one spot on earth most needing the investment of his life, and settling there he forthwith began to live his gospel so effectively that the 17th ward became a clean section. All this is so well known that it scarcely needs rehearsing. It all happened before the Men and Religion Movement, in which his light shone out so brightly that the whole country became acquainted with him.

But Raymond Robins has kept on growing during the last five years. He has ben the most outstanding individual force for good that we have seen in the strife between labor and capital. When the trial of the McNamara brothers was going on in Los Angeles, and Labor Day approached and the situation was most tense, Raymond Robins was the one man in the United States who was deemed qualified to deliver the Labor Day address, which he did deliver to the satisfaction of all concerned. He has become a national figure in the political world, being a close friend of Roosevelt and a leader of the Progressive party. He was the man selected to give the key-note address at the Progressive Convention last year. And lately he has appeared in a new kind of leadership—he has become an evangelist to College students.

Of all the difficult tasks which confront the Church, there is none harder than the problem of finding consecrated men who can satisfactorily bring the Christian message to the students of the universities. The newly acquired intellectual independence of the student makes him the most exacting, the most critical of auditors, and he who would minister to such an one must rank high among his fellows. Raymond Robins has passed the test. During the past two years, he has spoken in more than fifty universities of the United States, and has seen several thousand students and professors accept Christ as Master of their lives in response to his presentation.

Governor Hiram Johnson says of him: "I consider Raymond Robins one of the foremost figures in American life today. He is a speaker of rare ability and powerful eloquence. A a teacher of the new human philosophy of government he is surpassed by none. Long since he dedicated himself to the cause of humanity and the world has been bettered by his effort. There could be furnished, in my opinion, to the young men of the University, no greater inspiration than Raymond Robins."

He is coming now to the University of California upon the special invitation of the University Y. M. C. A. backed by President Wheeler and by all of the Christian forces at work in Berkeley. He will make his opening address on February 23 at a special University meeting called by the president for this very purpose. Then from February 26 to March 1 he will speak daily to students on the University Campus. If his labors at other institutions give us any warrant for our expectations here, there will be from 1000 to 3000 students who will signify a new interest in the mission of the Christ as a result of his visit. God help our Christian leaders at Berkeley to be ready for this ministration.

It seems providential that the visit of Dr. Adam, which was secured by the Council of Churches and Christian Associations some months earlier than the engagement of Raymond Robins, should have been scheduled just four days later. Dr. Adam speaks daily from March 4 to March 8. The message of Dr. Adam is exactly suited to answer such fundamental questions as will be raised by Mr. Robins. Raymond Robins tells what Christianity can do for the regeneration of the world. John Douglas Adam tells what Christianity is. So inspiring and so illuminating is the word of Dr. Adam that John R. Mott said of him, in speaking of a recent gathering of Christian leaders where many strong addresses had been made. "The strongest contribution made to our program by any individual speaker was the message of Dr. Adam."

With two such apostles coming to address our students within the same fortnight, the possibilities for good seems to be literally without limit. Only one thing is needed, the support of the Christian people of California. The pastors of the Berkeley churches are keenly alive to the need and holding conferences every week to plan the fullest possible co-operation. The young people of the Berkeley Churches are meeting daily for prayer and training in personal evangelism. And this article goes out as an appeal to the Christian people of this whole state to re-enforce the effort with a great volume of prayer to God.

This day young David attends his father's sheep in the quiet pastures of Bethlehem; tomorrow he goes forth to be a king in Israel. May God bless and strengthen the modern prophets, who like Samuel come down to the house of Jesse to anoint young David with the oil of consecration and to speak in his ear the call of God!

HIGHEST SALARIED METHODIST PASTOR RESIGNS AT SACRIFCE N SALARY TO ENTER SOCAL SERVICE WORK.

Rev. Worth M. Tippy, pastor of the Madison Avenue Methodist Church of New York, the highest salaried pastor in his denomination, has, at a sacrifice of $4,000, resigned his pastorate to accept a position with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America as Associate Secretary, in charge of Social Service.

Dr. Tippy's pastorate in the large and wealthy Madison Avenue Church has been a successful one. He has created an organization and an ideal of an open church, which is to be continued b ythe church under his successor. "I have made the change," he said, "because the new position offers a field for the practical working out of ideas in church work and community service in which I have long believed and which I have put in operation with some degree of success. I believe most of all in the religion of the spirit and am deeply interested in evangelism, but I am also as strongly convinced that religion is for the whole of life. You never have the Gospel of Jesus Christ until personal religion and social service are fused together by a passion

of love for humanity. This means a great fight for humanity, a fight which some day will result in a new civilization. I am now going into that fight in a larger way than I have been able to do before.

"The Churches of America have a splendid opportunity before them. We are trying in the Federal Council to bring them into co-operation for united action on religious and social problems. No one denomination can meet the problems involved, nor all of the churches working separately. They can do it only by presenting a united front to the enemy. The great word is co-operation, unselfish co-operation with all agencies working for the welfare of the nation."

Dr. Tippy has been chairman of the Federal Council's Commission on the Church and Social Service, which seven years ago formulated a platform which has been known as the social creed of the churches. He was also one of the founders of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, and its first voluntary secretary.

He came to New York two years ago from Cleveland, where for ten years he had been pastor of Epworth Memorial Church. He left the Church with 1700 members, and one of the most powerful and highly socialized churches of the nation. He was also one of the best known social workers in Cleveland. He was for seven years Chairman of the Children's Committee of the Humane Society, a member of the Citizens' Commission on Public Recreation, of the Dance Hall Commission, of the Mayor's Committee on Charter Commissions, of the Housing Commission of the Chamber of Commerce, and the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment, in addition to many temporary assignments.

"JOHN L. SULLIVAN."

He is the best-loved man in the ward, and the most hated. The Protestants love him, and the Catholics hate him. To one he is "Our Brother John," and to the other he is "That contemptible wretch." He came honorably by both distinctions, for in the eyes of the Protestants he is a "convert," and in those of the Catholics he is a "pervert."

He emigrated into this country by way of San Francisco. A Sicilian, he had engaged as valet with a tourist who was on his way east, and who, after his Asiatic tour crossed the Pacific, and dismissed him on reaching California. Instead of remaining there, he crossed the continent, so as he said, that "he might commence life in America from New York, as other immigrants do." He has often expressed regret that he could not have entered by way of Ellis Island, and contents hiself by saying, "Well I got in by way of Hoboken!"

He is a little fellow, boyish in size and actions. His name is Giovanni Luca Salvini but as he showed fight toward the Catholics, this was Americanized by them into "John L. Sullivan," the name by which we all know him. As applied to one of his physique it is ridiculous, but he seems to enjoy it, and makes the declaration that he is fighting for the "prezzo" (prize), and says that he is fighting for "the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus." This signifies that he is a militant Protestant, and earns him the name of "the fighting barber."

To understand this it should be said that he was a Catholic from birth. In 1895 the pope issued an encylical protesting the dedication of the Methodist building in Rome, and authorizing and bestowing a special blessing on a society organized to combat the aggressive work of that particular church. This society included members in Palermo, and among those who were asked to join was Giovanni. He declined, not at the moment for any religious reason, but because he considered it an attack on "that American church"; and with a desire to some time go to America, he would not oppose anything "American." Special "indulgences" were offered him for his co-operation, and his continued refusal was the opening wedge that separated him from the faith of his fathers. The final act was when he obtained an "American" Bible from a friend who had returned to Sicily with the Gospel in his hand and heart for those who had been deprived of it so long by the policy of Rome. "In America they have Bible books," he said. Reading the Bible, he abjured Catholicism, but at the time when he reached New York he was unidentfied with any Protestant Church.

As the majority of Italian Protestants are those who have become indifferent to Catholicism, and are converted from the condition of indifference, he was a marked figure, as he had come out directly from his old faith, and that faith he perists in antagonizing, and in that antagonism he has, in the course of my acqutintance with him, given me many bits of information regarding the Latin church of which I had to confess my ignorance. The first time I met him was when he caled for a prescription for some bronchial trouble. When I handed it to him, he pointed to the Rx, and said. "In Naples our Catholic doctors have N. D. instead of that!" Understanding him to say N. B., I said, "Nota bene, eh?" "O, no," was the answer, "N. D. is Nomine Dei, and the prescription, they claim is 'in the name of God!' Some patients, knowing this, will swallow the prescription after having it filed, believing it makes the medicine more efficient."

Speaking of the immoral lives of some of the popes, he said, "O, that is all right in Catholic opinion, as they say that according to the Gregorian doctrine if a pope has no merits of his own those of St. Peter are imputed to him."

At the Connecticut State Fair there was horse racing. "At Palermo," he said, "they say that if a jockey can have a relic of a saint in his pocket, he will win the race. If he can, he borrows a relic from one of the churches, and thus tips the priest."

"Ah," he said one day as I occupied his chair, "Ah, Protestants are all motherless! No, no, I do not mean it is because they do not have the Virgin! It is said by Cyprian that 'None can have God as Father, who has not the church as mother.' So, not being in the Catholic church, see, you are orphans!"

"Why do Catholics obey the pope?" He said, "I will tell you. They say it is according to the Bibe. It says to obey God rather than man, and as the pope is God's vicar on earth, he must be obeyed and obeyed rather than man, too. You know he is Vice-God! They say he carries on the work of Christ on earth, and in relation to us is what Christ would be if he were here. As St. Peter walked on the sea, so his successors are entitled to walk on all nations."

When he was considering taking out citizenship papers, he said, "I have to renounce allegiance both to the king of Italy and to the pope, for although I am no longer a Catholic, I was baptized, and they hold that every baptized Catholic becomes, because of the rite, a subject of the pope."

"Say! I can find Christ in some Catholics!" he exclaimed. "Sure! Having found Him in myself. I just like to find Him in others."

Speaking of the famine of the printed word in Italy, he said, "Please do not say that the Catholic church has hid it under a bushel! O, no! It has sealed it up in a costly sarcophagus!"

"Say, do you know that I think that some Catholics hold the faith in spite of the priests!" he exclaimed. "And do

you know," he added, "that if the Italian immigrants and their descendants in the United States had remained true to the Catholic faith, there would be twice as many Catholics in the United States as there are now!"

He had been in the city more than a year before he decided as to his church identification. He had regularly attended the mission services, and had also gone to the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal and Methodist Italian worship. All four were anxious to have him, but he showed no preference. In connection with the mission we have a reading room, where among other papers we have the Pacific. He would from the first, spend his evenings there. One evening he brought the Pacific to the desk.

"Sure, that is from San Francisco!" he said. "Sure, I am a Pacifist! Eh! Right! Though some day Pacifists have infantile paralysis! I make out this is a Congregational paper, isn't it? My belief. Only fault is that Congregationalists leave Italy alone. Why? Sure they are given what the Catholics call the particular charisma to set the gospel. Why don't they get hold of hands with the Waldenses, and 'thus surround the throne'?"

Shortly after he offered himself for membership in the Italian Congregational Church. One of our pastors who was present when he came before the deacons said that his "testimony" was this:

"I was walking away from Jerusalem about sixty furlongs, when my heart began to burn in the dear Saviour's company, and—here I am, come back again!"

He has proved a zealous member, and is beloved by all, although, as I have said, he is hated by the Catholics.

"I cannot be called to the colors, as I am so under-sized," he said to me a day or two ago. "I'd like to go though, and tell the Godless soldiers of our dear Saviour. But, as I can't, I shall take out my citizenship papers."

"As Giovanni L. Salvini?" I asked.

"As John L. Sullivan, fighter for the faith prize!" he answered.

W. H. MORSE, M. D.

Hartford, Conn.

LESSONS IN JOHN. (VII.)

"The Rear End of the Procession."

We come now (John V.) to the turning point of our Lord's ministry. This is the beginning of the second chapter of his public life, when the year of deadly opposition, occassioned by his work of mercy, begins.

It has been said that the world before Christ was a world without love. There was much that was admirable and noble in it; "but humanity, "says Professor Seeley" was an occasional impulse, not a standard rule of life." It is not quite true that hospitals for the poor were unknown before the christian era; that poor laws had never been enacted.

The city of Athens, at one period of its history, was an exception: There had been enormous gifts and largesses; in Rome as a last expedience to appease the populace; but the coming of Christ was the dawn of christian charity of another order. "It seeketh not her own." It is impossible for us to conceive how these words of the apostle must have sounded in Roman ears when first uttered, "He that was rich for our sake became poor that we through his poverty might be rich."

It was at a great feast in Jerusalem that our Lord sought out, not the palaces of the nobles; we find him in the five porches of Bethesda, where were congregated the most abject, diseased and despised of earth. Out of this miserable crowd he sought out one, the most helpless and pitiable of all the crowd. This man was not only utterly weak, he had lost hope without realizing it. For almost forty years he had waited and waited; he had sunk lower and lower, until in the rush of competition he had no other expectation than that of being crowded out by the stronger and the profane.

It was upon this poor wretch that one of John's eight signs was wrought. It was a promise that One has come to espouse the claims of the lowliest, "to seek and to save the lost."

We have heard much in these days of "the survival of the fittest." This is the boasted gospel of strength, of efficiency. On the lower realm of nature, the animal world, it has apparently, the facts on its side. You sow good wheat with Canada thistles and the thistles will crowd out the rich grain.

When we stand face to face, armed with the munitions of war, as in the present conflict, it is a question largely of the strongest batalions that is to decide who shall be the victor, looking at it from the human standpoint.

But when we insist on hoisting the biological hypothesis into the moral, the spiritual domain, we are false to science and common sense. The Christ came down to a sinful world to teach us that there is a place for mercy. He descended to the pool to show that it is not a case of the survival of the fittest, but the renewal of the unfit. "All power is given unto me" was his discovery in Matt. XI. 25; and then, immediately, he reaches out his arms that take in the whole world, and cries, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He is the strong man now. In this chapter he proclaims the personal gospel; not of law, but of life and love. Three times ne declares in it that he will raise the dead. "Verily, I say unto you, the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and they that hear shall live."

Even the learned men who gave to the world the dismal gospel of the final survival of the fittest, were glad at length to modify it, and admit that as we pass out of the cosmic realm, we must recognize a deeper, ultimate law; not the struggle for existence, merely, but for the existence of others. The self-sacrifice of motherhood goes down to the very heart of things, and we may add, prophecies, long before the written word was given to the world, God's purpose of redemption.

Does not the word of hope and command come to us as it did to the man with an infirmity, and does it not call up the old longing, reminding us that perhaps all our oft-repeated outward ordinances may only have served to benumb the spiritual faculties? It is true of how many living external, decent lives, that they have lost even the desire for a higher sort of existence.

Now comes the real miracle, the actual wonder of the narrative. The man in whom a moment before we should hardly believe there was a spark of humanity left had the grace given to come to himself. He realized now there was something for him to do. He could do all things through Him whom, as yet, he knew not. With the command to rise up, he achieved the impossible. Simultaneous with the volition there was the inflowing divine energy. So with the man with the withered hand, who was commanded to stretch it forth. No wavering or questionings, no healing waters, no human means. The weakest becomes the strongest, for there is the power of omnipotence in his will. What need he longer of a pallet to lie upon? What though it be the Sabbath day? All the more must he obey the command of his Healer.

The Lord did not now forget him. He found him in the temple, the place of all others for him just then. The waiter has become a worshipper. It was there he became ready

to receive the word of reproof and admonition.

"Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

Can we search further for a clearer sign of the gospel? for a more attractive portrature of our Saviour's mission into the world?

One of the most liberal theologians has said, "I am told a great deal about the brutality of the theology of Jonathan Edwards. Now there are a great many aspects of Jonathan Edwards' theology with which I do not find myself in sympathy; but I will take Jonathan Edwards at the point where he is most severely critised in his sermon on a guilty sinner in the hands of an angry God, and the guilty sinner within the law of the survival of the fittest; and I choose to be in the hands of Jonathan Edwards' angry God every time."

San Diego, Cal.

MISSIONARY SITUATION IN TURKEY.

The last bulletin issued was under date of September 12, 1916. Since then there has been no marked change in the situation in Turkey as relates to the missionaries. Mary Fowle's death at Sivas from typhus on November 22 has been the sad event. On the other hand, reports received from all of the stations report the general health of the missionaries as good. Miss Graf at Mardin was convalescing from a run of typhoid, and Mr. Nute at Tarsus was not strong but reported as improving.

The Annual Report of the Turkish Missions is now on the press and a reprint will be sent to those who desire, and who drop a card to John G. Hosmer, 14 Beacon Street, asking for it. This gives a resume of the situation with the location of all the missionaries when the report was written.

The schools in Smyrna and at Constantinople and in Bulgaria are overcrowded with pupils. Many of the schools in the interior have a large attendance. The missionaries in Constantinople, Smyrna, Harpoot and other places carry heavy teaching work.

Communications from and to the missionaries are infrequent. Short messages on post cards are still preferred. All of the missionaries are more or less engaged in relief operations. The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief has cabled Constantinople $400,000 since the middle of December with $100,000 more to send. It is expected that this will supply that center of distribution for two or three months.

Mrs. Leslie has gone to Oorfa where she is administering relief. Most of the mission property there has been returned to the mission. Miss Graffam is remaining alone at Sivas. She reports the German Consul there as exceedingly kind. The four missionaries at Marsovan are living in two missionary buildings, but the Government has not given them possession of all the station buildings. The premises are crowded with soldiers. The Harpoot party waiting for more than a year at Beirut to get away, and other Americans in that vicinity, have been promised permission to leave by the "Des Moines"; only promises to date, so far as we know.

Dr. Raynolds and his party have setteld down for the winter at Erivan, Russia, where extensive industrial relief operations are carried on, while schools are opened and regular services conducted. Miss Vaughan remains also at Hadjin, but reports herself well and desirous of staying where she feels she is doing an important work. Mrs. Mark Ward of Constantinople is on the way home. The missionaries in Talas are safe and well, but they can do little more than oversee some relief work. The same is true of those in Adana, Marash and Aintab, although in the first two stations the girls' schools are in session. Dr. and Mrs. Crawford of Trebizond are in better health and will not leave for furlough until they are reinforced.

Many Armenians from the Harpoot region, who were thought to be dead, are appearing in Russia, having been kept by the Dersim Koords. Other refugees are finding their way back from Northern Syria and are reported as arriving at Sivas, Konia and other places to the east, in a destitute condition. Over 80,000 Turkish refugees are in the Aleppo region and at places further north. The Greeks also are feeling the pressure of want and thousands of them are on the move.

The relief ship "Caesar" has arrived in Alexandria. It is detained there for the present by political difficulties in connection with passing through the blockade at Beirut and because part of the cargo was damaged by water and had to be removed and repacked.

The question as to the status of the missionaries in Turkey in case the United States should be involved in war with Germany is having the most careful attention of the officers of the Board together with American representatives of other American interests in Turkey. Ex-Ambassador Morgenthau and Charles R. Crane have conferred with the State Department and the President, and this has been followed by a conference of representatives in New York. A strong hope is entertained in Washington that we may not be involved in war with Germany.

Dr. Morgenthau expresses himself as convinced that, if we should find ourselves at war with Germany, Turkey would not declare war upon us but would remain friendly. He even goes farther than this and declares that in case Turkey should declare war upon the United States, the missionaries would not be interfered with except that possibly the college buildings at Constantinople and Beirut and possibly one or two other places might be occupied for military purposes. He cites the fact that several British missionaries are continuing their work unmolested in Turkey in spite of the fact that for more than two years Turkey and England have been at war, and also that Italians in Turkey are permitted to remain in spite of Italy's hostility. If Ambassador Elkus should be forced to retire, possibly the Swedish Minister, whose wife was an American, might be asked to take the responsibility for the protection of American interests. Dr. Morgenthau believes that American missionaries would be kindly treated even if they were sent out of the country.

All the missionaries in Bulgaria are well and comfortably situated, according to a United States official who recently arrived in this country. The Clarkes of Monastir are now in Salonica where Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy have also arrived. Miss Matthews is alone in Monastir, but safe and well. It is the general impression that in case of war with Germany, Bulgaria would be even more considerate of Americans than Turkey, and no alarm is felt for our workers.

JAMES L. BARTON.

Boston, Feb. 10.

It is no such heinous matter to fall afflicted, as, being down, to lie dejected. It is no danger for a soldier to receive a wound in battle, but, after the wound received, through despair of recovery to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded champions wear the palm at last and, after fight, crowned with victory.—Chrysostom.

Truth is always veiled in a kind of mystery.—Henri Fabre.

A PIONEER MISSIONARY AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST PASSES AWAY.

Mention was made in The Pacific last week of the death of H. T. Cowley who worked for several years among the Indians of Northern Idaho and Eastern Washington. We quote here from a sketch of his life in The Spokane Chronicle:

"Mr. Cowley was born October 9, 1837, in Senecca Falls, N. Y., where he lived until he was 19 years old. Then he moved to Cleveland, Ohio, and there learned the printer's trade. He attended college at Oberlin, Ohio, until 1860, when he left to take a position as a teacher in a commercial school at Ripley, Ohio. After a year as instructor in that school he resigned to enter Antioch college, Yellow Springs, Ohio, where he was graduated in 1867.

"He again turned his attention to books and took a theological course at Auburn, N. Y., where he was graduated in 1871.

"Mr. Cowley came to the northwest in 1871 and spent two years as a missionary among the Protestant Nez Perce Indians at Kamiah, Idaho. When differences came up between the Indian agent and the missionaries he resigned and took up his residence in a new Indian settlement at Mount Hope, Idaho, on Camas prairie.

"It was while he was working among the Indians at Mount Hope, Idaho, that the Spokane Indians sent a petition to Mr. Cowley asking him to come and establish a school and church at the falls of the Spokane. The Indians expressed an earnest desire for the white man's teaching and undertook to put up a house for Mr. Cowley and his family. They also undertook to build a schoolhouse and to supply provisions for the support of Mr. Cowley and his family.

"Under the urgings of H. H. Spalding, another pioneer missionary, Mr. Cowley came to Spokane, arriving in June, 1874. He brought six young Nez Perce Indians with him, one of them a son of Chief Lawyer of the Nez Perces.

"After he had spent several weeks in Spokane, looking over the situation. Mr. Cowley told the Indians he had decided to make this his home, and returned to Mount Hope for his family, which he brought to Spokane in October, traveling by wagon.

"At Spokane at this time was J. N. Glover, known as the Father of Spokane, C. F. Yeaton and a young man named Kizer, and these three, with Mr. Cowley did much for the Indians, aiding in the construction of the first Indian schoolhouse.

"When Mr. Cowley started his little school and church he had but a handful of Indians, but soon they spread the news and in a few months more than 250 red men and their squaws and children attended the church and school."

Mr. Cowley passed away in San Diego, but the body was taken to Spokane for interment. At the funeral services the Rev. Jonathan Edwards said in part:

"My brief remarks will deal with him as I knew him both as a missionary and a man. His decease brought fresh to my memory, that from him I received the first letter from the city of Spokane Falls, Washington Territory. It was written as clerk of the First Congregational Church, asking if I would consider a call to become its pastor. I recall some characteristic things in the letter that interested me, and in some degree influenced me to respond favorably. It revealed his frankness.

"He made it very clear that the most the church offered was the opportunity to work hard, and hinted that if I did not feel capable of grappling with a hard situation, and was willing to sacrifice, that it would hardly be worth while for me to come. What seemed to be a challenge appealed to me, and I left a strong and flourishing church in a large city of Pennslyvania for a new missionary field in the far West. His presentation of the field was not exaggerative, but accurate, clear and full, which I found on acquaintance to be one of his characteristics.

"I like to think of Mr. Cowley first and foremost as a pioneer missionary, and as such he deserves the greatest honor, and his name is entitled to perpetuation. The pioneer missionaries of all names have found a conspicuous place in the world's history. I am of the opinion that no class has done more for the world's progress and welfare. This is as true of the pioneer missionaries of this country, especially the Pacific coast, as of any land. They have been the forerunners of civilization, the promoters of education, and the organizers and fosterers of christian churches. Always on side of right and high morality. Mr. Cowley has an honorable place among the famous and immortal company of the early missionaries of the Pacific Coast. He is the last of the Protestant foreign missionaries in this region, and was the connecting link between the foreign and home missionary work. The early missionaries of this country were of the real Aspostolic succession.

"The great historian Bancroft in his history of Oregon says: "It is in the missionary, rather than in the commercial or agricultural element, that I find that romance which underlies all human endeavor before it becomes of sufficient interest for permanet preservation in the memory of mankind. I believe the time will come, if it be not already, when to the descendants of these hardy empire builders this enrollment will be recognized as equivalent to a patent of nobility."

"Mr. Cowley was practically the successor of Rev. H. H. Spaulding in Idaho among the Nez Perce Indians, and the successor of Revs. Cushing Eells and E. Walker, among the Spokane Indians.

He possessed the elements that made him a success as a missionary among the Indians. I have known not a few Indians whom he profoundly impressed, and was instrumental in leading to a higher life. One of the most interesting things in my early ministry here was the proportion of Indians I had in my congregation, and also in my Sunday School class. I found that the reason for their presence was their attachment to Mr. Cowley. One of his best and brightest scholars, and a worthy Christian, used to be my interpreter when I went to preach to the Indians on the Little Spokane reservation. He was an interpreter to the missionary there for years.

"Mr. Cowley was an apt linguist, because of his native talents and thoroughness, he mastered both the Nez Perces and Spokane languages, and his influence is to be seen today among the natives. It was his privilege to see the beginning of things and to lay foundations on which others have builded, and we have all, more or less, entered into his labors and that of all the pioneers and are enjoying the fruits of their labors and sacrifices.

"He was the father of the public school in this region, and the first teacher in this city. He saw the settlement of a few families grow to a metropolis of over a hundred thousand people.

"He is the father of Congregationalism in this region as far as English churches are concerned, although Congregational missionaries came here 79 years ago.

The First Congregational church (now Westminister) was organized in his house in April 1879, and he was its first pastor, and was a trustee during the first decade of its history. He and his devout wife, as well as his children put much labor, prayer and sacrifice in the foundation of this church. They purchased the lot on which the first

church building was erected on the corner of Sprague and Bernard, and it proved a profitable investment."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Aked is expected at Riverside in time for the great Easter morning service this year on Rubidoux.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco, Prof. W. W. Lovejoy will speak on the topic, "Some Thoughts on the Gospel by John."

Prayer Groups are being held each day at 5:30 in First Church, Berkeley, in preparation for the Robins-Adam Campaign among University students.

The Rev. W. N. Burr, who was seriously ill for several weeks and had finally to go for treatment to a hospital in Riverside, is now on the way to recovery.

The pulpit of First Church, Los Angeles, was occupied last Sunday morning by Dr. Meredith, and in the evening by Dr. Andrews, pastor of Plymouth Church.

The members of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco will give a reception to Dr. McElveen Friday evening of this week to which all friends of the church are invited.

The moving pictures in the lecture room of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, each Friday afternoon, are a great treat to the many children who attend the exhibit.

Press dispatches from Southern California announce that the Rev. Horace Porter, who closes his work as pastor at Riverside on Easter Sunday, will become a candidate for mayor.

First Church, Oakland, will give attention at its mid-week meetings during Lent to the "Great Hymns of the Church," and to the further topic, "With Jesus During His Last Six Weeks."

Mrs. Charles F. Aked has been ill with bronchitis, in New York City, since the week before Christmas. It is hoped that the dry air of Southern California will restore her to complete health.

Beginning next Monday evening, and on then to Easter, a series of group meetings will be held in the homes of Oakland First Church people. They will be for a better acquaintance and a devotional study of the topic, "World's Peace and the Gospel."

The appointment of Mr. Arthur Artlett to a position at the head of the State Harbor Board is an act that will be commended by all Church people and good people in general. There is no citizen of California who is more highly esteemed than Mr. Artlett. Integrity runs all through him.

The trustees of the First Congregational Church of Berkley, assisted by their wives, gave a reception last Friday evening in the parish house to the members of the church and congregation; and everybody pronounced the recently acquired building a decided acquisition and the reception a very enjoyable affair.

Mrs. Edna M. Watkins, widow of the late Rev. David F. Watkins, passed into the other life at San Diego on the 15th of February, in her 73rd year She was a native of Canada. Her husband was one of the three students to enter Pacific Theological Seminary when it was opened for students in 1869, and later a pioneer American Board Missionary in Central Mexico.

Mrs. Helen Kenyon Benchley, the seventh woman to enter into the membership of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, passed into the other life on the 6th of January in Minneapolis, at the age of 91. Mr. Benchley, who preceded her a few years ago, was a deacon in the church from 1857 for many years and honorary deacon up to the time of his death. He was superintendent of the Sunday School for twenty-five years. A good many years ago they went to Southern California and later to Minneapolis.

The meeting of the Congregational Club in the lecture room of First Church, San Francisco, last week, was the best meeting held for some time. Dr. McElveen of Chicago and Professor Kofoid of the University of California gave interesting addresses. Mr. D. A. Eberly of Alameda was elected president; Mr. C. S. Greene of Oakland, vice-president; Mr. Charles Bufford of San Francisco secretary and treasurer. The Revs. E. C. Oakley and L. D. Rathbone were made members of the executive committee. It is hoped to work out some plan ere long on which it will be possible to make the club more widely serviceable.

Beginning next Sunday evening, the Rev. A. W. Palmer, of Plymouth Church, Oakland, will give a series of Sunday evening sermons dealing with the Evolution of Religion. Topics: Feb. 25—"How the Bible Grew; Mar. 4—"How the Idea of God Developed Down the Ages;" Mar 11—"The Changing Standards of Right and Wrong;" Mar. 18—"The Evolution of Heaven and Hell;" Mar. 25—"The Waxing and Waning of the Social Hope;" Apr. 1—"The Christ of the Catacombs, of the Middle Ages and of Today." At the close of each sermon there will be opportunity for questions. The aim is to make these sermons helpful, especially to young persons who are seeking a sane and reasonable religious faith.

ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT OF HOME MISSIONS IN WASHINGTON RESIGNS.

The Rev. Dr. Frank N. White has resigned as Associate Superintendent of Home Missions in Washington and has accepted a position as District Secretary of the American Missionary Association. His headquarters will be in Chicago. Dr. White succeeded Dr. Brooks as pastor at Walla Walla. He resigned from the pastorate last year and entered the work from which he has just now resigned. Dr. White's pastorates in Chicago, Minneapolis, Cheyenne and elsewhere give him an acquaintance with the field in which his future work lies.

CALAVERAS COUNTY.

The Rev. George H. Dekay began recently as a field worker for the Sunday School and Publishing Society. In a recent report he writes:

"I have made a survey in Calaveras county. We have two churches with pastors, but a large part of the county has no Protestant religious work at all. San Andreas, the county seat, with a population of five or six hundred and a high school of sixty, has had no regular services for five

years. Our church, with four members, maintains a Sunday school and the building is kept in good repair. The saloon rules, but in our recent campaign this town and county cast a considerable vote for prohibition.

"Mokelumne Hill, an old mining town once having a population of several thousand and proposed as the state capitol, now numbers perhaps two or three hundred. Of ninety pupils in school one-half are Protestant. The Catholics have a Sunday school. We have none. Because of the unfit condition of our church I arranged for services in the hotel Sunday evening. The congregation consisted of ten women, of which six were Catholics, and two, Christian Scientists. One of the Catholic women was visiting this place, where she was born and raised. After my sermon she spoke feelingly of the religious need and of the past when, at her father's table, priest and Protestant minister met alike in good fellowship. She gave me a dollar for the work, and expressed her willingness to help in any effort to repair and redeem the old church.

"I know so many places where the children are being left with no effort to give them religious training that the work of the Sunday School Society appeals to me greatly."

THE WORK AT GUERNEVILLE.

The Guerneville Church is taking on new life and there is much activity among the members. The Ladies' Aid have remodeled their kitchen, installed a new sixty dollar range, added new tables and increased their membership. The entire seating capacity of the church has been rearranged and the pulpit moved to a better location so that the speaker and people are far more comfortable than formerly. Arrangements are being made to repaper the church before Easter. A new organ fund has been started and is growing rapidly. A large chorus of voices led by a cornet played by one of our business men aids greatly in the Sunday evening services. The church is filled at these evening services, nearly one-half the audience being men. Easter Sunday will be a great day and there is every indication that the membership of the church will be greatly increased. Recently every home in town was visited and a message printed on a large card left with each family. It was in the main as follows:

"It is our purpose as a church to make the year 1917 the best in its history. Last year the membership nearly doubled. This year we aim to make each service more attractive and of greater benefit to all who attend. In fact this church has unconsciously become a Community Church. We aim to be of service to everyone of whatever creed or belief. We believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man as the great fundamental principles upon which the Sermon on the Mount rests. We have permitted little differences of belief to separate us and mar this larger vision of brotherhood and thus have retarded the progress of Christianity greatly. Is it not time for us to rise superior to these old hindrances and worship at the common shrine of God our Father! We invite you to come to our services and thus add something to this effort of hastening on the better future awaiting us. We greatly appreciate the interest you have already manifested but desire closer fellowship and comradeship with you. Come next Sunday."

Then came an announcement of the Sunday services and other services during the week.

Love that only which happens to thee, and is spun with the thread of thy destiny.—Marcus Aurelius.

ACTION BY LOS ANGELES CHURCH FEDERATION.

Whereas, Section 1313 of the Civil Code of the State of California prohibits the bequest or devise of more than one-third of an estate to charitable uses; and

Whereas, this code section has made it impossible for many persons who desire to devote a larger portion of their estates to educational, philanthropic or religious purposes from doing so; and

Whereas, this provision of the law has caused some of our citizens to become citizens of other states in order to give more of their estates to such purposes, and thereby expatriate themselves for the benefit of California institutions;

Now therefore be it Resolved, by the Church Federation of Los Angeles that we request the California Legislature to repeal Section 1313 of the Civil Code, and all other sections or parts of sections of the Code that are based thereon;

Be it also Resolved, that all religious, educational and charitable organizations in the State of California be requested to join in this request;

Be it further Resolved, that copies of these resolutions be furnished to the press for publication, and a copy be sent to each member of the Legislature, and to the Governor of the State of California.

TULARE.

An Every-Member Canvass recently completed resulted in an addition of forty per cent to the number of subscribers to church expenses. Prayer-meetings are, at present, being held in different parts of the town with free automobile transportation and with largely increased attendance and interest. Lincoln Day was observed by special exercises and offering in the Sunday School and by a special evening service. The teacher of music in the High School assisted with violin and with the High School Quartette, most of whom are our own young people. The sermon subject was Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson.

MISSIONARY FELLOWSHIP OFFERED BY UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY NEW YORK CITY.

In order to forward the cause of missions three Missionary Fellowships, each yielding $500 annually, have just been established by Union Theological Seminary. They are intended for missionaries on furlough and for exceptionally qualified natives of mission lands who have been engaged in responsible positions of Christian service.

The aim of these Fellowships is (a) to promote advanced missionary preparation, and (b) encourage productive missionary scholarship. Applicants, therefore, should be individuals of special purpose or promise who have already completed a course of theological study and have engaged in actual service in missionary countries. In making appointments to these fellowships, preference will be given to those applicants who wish to use such opportunities in the solution of some particular problem, such as the theory, science, practice or history of missions. In order that these Fellowships may serve the missionary enterprise as widely as possible the incorporation of results in a monograph, while not essential, will be encouraged. The Fellowships are for resident work under the guidance and direction of the Faculty of the Seminary.

These Fellowships are awarded by the Faculty for one year, but the period of tenure may be extended in cases where the quality and value of work or attending circumstances justify it. Each application for a fellowship should be accomplished with full statements, not only from the applicant, but also from suitable officials (such as officers of the Mission, Board, Church). Facts as to the applicant's health, attainments, ability, purpose, etc., will be needed as an adequate basis for deciding the relative qualifications of the applicants for appointment. All applications should be in the hands of the Registrar of the Seminary not later than January first preceding the academic year for which the Fellowship is sought. However for the academic year 1917-1918 applications will be received at once.

"SCUM O' THE EARTH."

By Robert Haven Schauffler.

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them "scum o' the earth";

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Sacrates' land?
You, like a Hermes, so lissome and strong,
Fresh from the Master Praxiteles' hand?
So you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylae's pass?
And I forgot the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
That have doomed you to march in our "immigrant class"
Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth."

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! Does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvorak took whole from the dancers
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that they're nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavic nations
Are "polacks"—and "scum o' the earth."

Genoese boy of the level brow.
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
A-stare at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first sweet shock of a hushed surprise:
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild sunrise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In the still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Caesar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth?—
You're only a "dago"—and "scum o' the earth!"

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong—
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That Shepherd of spirits, ere long,
Who should carry the lambs on his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head,
Lo! 'tis the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despised
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

Mercy for us blasphemers,
Countrymen, bend and invoke
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse" we name them.
And "scum o' the earth" to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us, who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.
Newcomers all from the Eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these,
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

The Home

A WOMAN.

She is a woman, but of spirit brave
To bear the loss of girlhood's giddy dreams;
The real mistress, not the yielding slave
Of her ideals, spurning that which seems
For that which is, and, as her fancies fall,
Smiling; the truth of love outweighs them all.

She looks through life, and with a balance just
Weighs men and things, beholding as they are
The lives of others; in the common dust
She finds the fragments of the ruined star;
Proud, with a pride all feminine and sweet,
No path can soil the whiteness of her feet,

The steady candor of her gentle eyes
Strikes dead deceit, laughs vanity away;
She hath no room for petty jealousies,
Where faith and love divide their tender sway,
Of either sex she owns the nobler part;
Man's honest brow and woman's faithful heart.

She is a woman, who, if love were guide,
Would climb to power, or in obscure content
Sit down; accepting fate with changeless pride—

A reed in calm, in storm a staff unbent;
No pretty plaything, ignorant of life,
But man's true mother, and his equal wife.
—Bayard Taylor.

ON USING AND LOSING TIME.

It is with the years as with the dead; we seldom know their value while they are with us. How precious they are first become clear when they are irrecoverably lost.

There is not one of us who could not have known more and achieved more had he been wise enough to seize and fill the moments as they came. True, it is possible to be unwisely anxious about the way we spend our time. Those who are afraid to lose a minute upon an object which does not fall within the immediate scope of their plans for the day need to remember the counsel, "Be not therefore anxious." Our real education is furthered often as much by the interruptions to our purpose as through the prosecution of it. Circumstances put more into many a day than we had planned to put into it; and those circumstances it is folly to regret or resent. Time is like money; it is always well to have a little to spare. And just as a man who used up every cent of his money in the prosecution of his plans and left himself without a margin for the unforeseen would be considered deficient in largeness of wisdom, so also would one who had no room in his day for an unexpected claim upon his time. Nervousness and strain can be avoided best where there is a margin.

But most young people do not need so much to be urged to allow for margins in time as to be impressed by the tremendous value of the passing days, and the infinite possibilities that they contain. Many a young man finds himself condemned to a station in life lower than that to which his native abilities entitle him, because he neglected his opportunities in school or college; and the lost moment, like the spoken word, cannot be brought back again. Others use the moments to honest purpose, and when the call comes to exacting or important work they can accept it, because they are equipped. The schoolboy, the young person on the threshold of life's work, could lay up for future years a rich and abiding satisfaction by preparing himself strenuously for the opportunity which always comes to those who are prepared.

The day is precious because the night is coming. Consider then how the day is lost, and we shall see how it can be saved. It is lost in a thousand ways. Some lose it most frequently through not letting it begin as early as it might. In English-speaking countries the day does not seem to begin so early as on the continent of Europe. Most men are content if the work of their day is begun by nine. Of course, some men who begin at twelve would accomplish more by their rapidity and concentration than others who begin at six. And it is always more important that we work well than that we begin early. Notwithstanding, partly through native indolence, partly through the foolish and healthy habit of sitting up late, most of us begin our day later than we might. Much of the world's best work has been done in the quiet hours of the early morning, which are more secure from disturbance than any other part of the day. Scott and Kant rose at five o'clock. Let each man ask himself whether he could not spend to more profit some of the time he spends in bed.

Other time is lost through unnecessary interruptions. We owe it to ourselves and to our work not to allow ourselves to be interrupted for frivolous or inadequate reasons. A distinguished college president claims to have received thirty callers within an hour, and to have transacted business with all of them. The secret of it was that he received them standing. He was prepared to risk the imputation of discourtesy in the interests of his work. There are times when, in defense of our duty, such things must be done; and the courageous man who knows the value of his time will not hesitate to do them.

Sometimes we are our own worst enemies, and interrupt our own work in ways for which there is no excuse. This does not apply to those moments or hours when men hold communion with their own hearts or with their friends, or when the mind wanders for a while on some sweet and purposeless way of its own. It is folly to be always deliberately aiming at self-improvement. Relaxation is often the deepest wisdom. But, after every allowance has been made, many of us would have to confess, for example, that we give too much time to the newspaper. What we need is a truer sense of perspective. The newspaper is indispensable; every intelligent man must know something of the world in which he lives and moves, and of that wider world to which he is bound by ties of the subtlest sympathy. But some men will spend two hours a day on the newspaper, without any professional reason for doing so. Most of us cannot afford that, and should not give it.

"Are there not twelve hours in the day?" asked our Lord. That goes to the root of the matter. There are twelve hours in every day; and we have all the time there is. If we were to attempt to account for every hour from the moment we rise to the moment we fall asleep, how many strange and lamentable blanks there would be! There are whole stretches of it that we could not account for at all. This does not mean that every hour is lost when we do not have a book or a pen or a tool in hand. There are useful ways of filling out the day which could not be set down in black and white. But the hours should not leave us as they find us. Every hour has its own place in the day; and as sensible men whose life is brief and whose days are numbered, we should know what we are doing with them. They are leaving us older; are they leaving us wiser, truer, better?

Whatever we are engaged with—whether it be the chief occupation of our lives, or some subsidiary interest—it is well to watch what progress, if any, we are making; and to this end it is well to adopt some means of recording progress from day to day. Without this we often only succeed in adroitly deceiving ourselves. We think we are marching when we are only marking time. Whether it be a language we are learning, or an art or science we are studying, let us make sure that to-morrow finds us farther along than to-day. Let us not diffuse our energies too much. It is an honorable ambition to know something of everything and everything of something; but the effort to know something of everything usually ends in knowing little of anything. Besides gathering as much general information as we can, we need to have some pursuit to which we devote ourselves systematically, and in which we make measurable and continuous, even if not rapid, progress.

It is a great thing to feel not only the responsibility, but the joy and the inspiration of the new day. "Write it on your heart," said Emerson, "that every day is the best day in the year." The hearts on which these words were written would leap with joy to the tasks of every fresh day, and there would be little danger of its hours being frittered away. Take care of the hours, and the days will take care of themselves. And in the words of the Master, "Gather up the broken pieces which remain over, that nothing be lost."—Sunday School Times.

We are never so much disposed to quarrel with others as when we are dissatisfied with ourselves.—Hazlitt.

For The Children.

THE MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

"What a happy arrangement," said the Florist.

He had just placed a pot of pink cyclamen on the pink marble mantelpiece. The walls of the room were white marble and the only furniture was a pink marble bench; but that was all that was needed, for it was just a little waiting room where the musicians sat when they were not playing in the grand, gilded music room which one could see through the archway. Generally, the waiting room looked cheerless, but, directly the Florist set the pot of pink cyclamen on the mantelpiece, it seemed different. He stepped back and said again, "Yes, that is the happiest arrangement I have made today. One would say that pink cyclamen had been made for pink marble," and he went away smiling.

The funny thing was that every one who came into the room stopped and smiled, directly they saw the pot of cyclamen. The musicians no longer minded waiting; instead, they sat and looked at the pure pink flowers, each on its round red stem, curling a little on their way through the gray green leaves. Tiny baby buds nestled near the root, and each flower sent its petals straight up in a stiff crown, which showed the deep red fillet that sheltered the cyclamen's modest eyes, bent always down. And the more they looked, the happier the musicians felt; so that, when they went in to play, their joy made their music sweeter than usual. When the concert was over, all the people streamed out through the waiting room, and, as they passed the cyclamen, they stopped and exclaimed, "How happily placed! How sweet-scented!"

So great was the stir of praise and approval that, after every one had gone, when the moonlight lay softly on the marble floor, the flowers in the music room sent out their scent to the waiting room. They were all so excited to find out what had made every one notice the cyclamen, for, as a rule, no one paid any attention to cyclamens when roses and hyacinths and such sweet singing flowers were around. But all this day the flowers had heard this pink cyclamen's voice shrilling louder than anyone's, and, now that the place was quiet, the other flowers had to ask what was the meaning of it all.

"Directly the Florist took her in there, she started to sing," said the crimson rambler, who, as a rule, gave out little conversation.

"Yes, and cyclamens are usually so very dull," said a haughty pale pink rose. "But this one is the gayest flower we have ever had amongst us. Just listen to her now, trilling like a bird. Her voice is almost overpowering."

"Can't you tell when a person's happy enough to burst?" said the sturdy Dutch hyacinths, who always spoke up when the roses were haughty. "Why shouldn't a cyclamen sing to all flowers."

"How can you quarrel when anyone is singing as happily as that?" said a gentle narcissus. "I believe I recognize the tune. I am going to ask the cyclamen where she came from."

"I am going to ask her why she has been singing for joy at being put into a dull cheerless room with nothing but marble to look at," said the crimson rambler, who was a lively flower and liked lots of companions round her.

"Anything so that we can sit up late and hear a story," said the Dutch hyacinths, who could sing away all night and feel all the fresher for it in the morning.

Therefore the flowers sent their fragrance through the archway until they reached the cyclamen, and then every one asked questions at such a rate that no one could hear the cyclamen's gentle answers. At last the Dutch hyacinths managed to shout the others down in their cries for fair play and order, and the sturdiest of them bawled out, "It is no use every one speaking at once, especially as what we all want is to hear the cyclamen account for herself. I vote she tells us why she has been making such a happy noise all day when every other flower that has been put in the waiting room has been too annoyed at being out of sight like that to utter a word to anyone. And so that it will be thoroughly amusing to the company, I vote that the cyclamen tells us about herself in the shape of a story, beginning with 'Once upon a time.' "

"Hurrah!" cried all the flowers, for all flowers love stories.

The cyclamen seemed surprise at being addressed like this; her pink petals stood straight up with astonishment and her eyes did not dare to look up from the pink marble where the pot was placed. But, as the pale pink rose now told her to begin at the very beginning and miss out nothing, the cyclamen bent her meek eyes lower and began as the hyacinths had proposed:

"Once upon a time I lived on a mountain in Italy, in a sweet green glade of a little wood. I was pure white then except for my crimson band, and much smaller; in fact, my leaves were close to the ground. But I always enjoyed life because there was always so much to enjoy."

"Ah! that's where we met," cried the white narcissus; but the hyacinths soon made her hush with their cries of "Order, order!"

"I used to have great games with the butterflies," said the cyclamen. "They would tell me of the wonderful sights to be seen on the other side of the mountains, and as my petals did not get in their way, they could dance round my flowers and leave their shadows on my leaves, which was very kind of them."

"Your leaves are certainly delightfully ornamented," said the narcissus.

"Variegated," said the pink rose, haughtily, and it was very cross when the sturdy Dutch hyacinths cried "Order, order!" at that.

"I must say I was very curious to see more of the world," said the cyclamen, "and, when a seed floated away on a butterfly's wing, I was delighted. The next thing I remember is peeping out on the other side of the mountain."

"Oh, how I longed to get there," cried the narcissus. "What was it like?"

"Well, the sea stretched down, far below," said the cyclamen. "And the air was much fresher, but the wonderful part was the mountainside. It was pink marble. I had never seen such a color as the part where they had quarried it, all glistening in the sun. The marble was so beautiful I could think of nothing else. My roots actually found their way to some of its dust, and we became completely attached to each other. Day by day, I watched the glorious colors until, to my great joy, a bee I had known on the other side came fluttering up and took me for a stranger. When I reminded him we were old friends, 'But,' said he, 'you have turned pink.' It was looking at the marble, of course."

"But don't you miss the sun and the sea and the bees and the—" began the roses, but the cyclamen went on joyfully. "No, indeed, I thought I should, when some one came by one day, and cried out, "This is a new specimen,' and took me from my home. But the marble dust stuck to my roots and we settled down together in a pot. Then I was put in a nursery and taught many lessons, and told I should some day be sent out into the great city to carry messages about

the mountain. Let me confess I was terrified when, at last, they took me through the streets, and I saw the crowds and high houses, like cliffs, and saw no flower anywhere, not even a blade of grass. How foolish I was, for, directly I was brought into this room, whom should I see but the beautiful pink marble from my hillside. And, if you are kind enough to be surprised at my song, let me tell you that the pink marble has been making a powerful accompaniment. Can't you hear it?"

Now that the flowers listened, they certainly could; but, not only was the marble humming. Round the roots of the Dutch hyacinths came a familiar, sturdy hum, so that they suddenly exclaimed, "Why, it's from our pot, our Delftware pot; surely it's the clay we were brought up in!" while the roses were hearing a sweet strumming from the wooden tubs, they stood in, and cried, " 'Tis the voice of the beech trees that guarded our summer garden." The Chinese lily in its Nankeen bowl, heard the tinkle of the porcelain clay where it was born, and the narcissus on the granite slab, cried, "Here is my dear mountain beneath me." Yes, all the flowers were being accompanied by their old friends although they had never known it. Then their songs became just as happy as the cyclamen's; even the walls of the music room joined in with humming of stone and jingle of gold from the mountains, as all the flowers sang together, "There is nothing like the meeting of old friends."—Christian Science Monitor.

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Before we can bring happiness to others, we must first be happy ourselves, nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it on others. If there be a smile upon our lips, those around us will soon smile too, and our happiness will become the truer and deeper as we see others are happy.—Maeterlinck.

To attack other men's faults is to do the devil's work; to do God's work is to attack our own.—Faber.

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